

POEMS, *CHIEFLY SACRED*

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Nov. 5. 1891.

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P O E M S,

CHIEFLY SACRED.

BY



HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS



Parker and Co.

6 SOUTHAMPTON-STREET, STRAND, LONDON;

AND 27 BROAD-STREET, OXFORD.

1891.

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*The shadows lengthen, stretching toward the morn ;
Take, heavenly Master, this poor shock of corn,
And winnow it ; and, if good seed there be.
Let it be sown and harvested for Thee.*

May 12, 1891.

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WAKE AND PRAY.

a
WORK while it is called to-day,
 Watch and pray !
With both thine hands right earnestly,
As in sight of God most high,
 Thy calling ply.

Watch ! it is the Master calls thee.
 Pray ! It is His ear that hears.
 Up ! cast off thy chilly fears,
Mindful that whate'er befalls thee
 Leaves thee further on thy way,
 Watch and pray !

Watch ! for demons haunt around thee ;
 Sin and harm beset thy path.
 Yet be sure that nothing hath
Power to hinder or confound thee,
 So thou faithfully alway
 Watch and pray !

Pray ! lest watching make thee weary.
 Praying thou shalt never fail :
Though the night be long and dreary
 Though the dawn be faint and pale
 Brightens fast the perfect day :
 Watch and Pray !

1856.

ADVENT.

COME, Lord Jesus ! quickly come !
 Lo ! Thy Church with longing eye
 Lifts her blended voices high,
 Not a lip is dumb.

They who sow with many a tear
 In the dry and stubborn soil,
 Mourning, ask from out their toil,
 ' Master, art Thou near ? '

Watchers of the weary night,
 While they pace their lonely round,
 Listen for the trumpet's sound,—
 Seek the dawning light.

When shall lighten forth Thy sign
 Through the heaven ? O Lord, how long ?
 When amidst the radiant throng
 Shall Thy coming shine ?

Only grant us, Lord, Thy grace !
 So shall we in joy that day
 Rise to meet Thee on Thy way,—
 See Thee face to face.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

WHEN in the deep of night
 A blaze of sudden light
 The darkness broke,
 And chorus sweet of angel-voices woke
 The ancient earth's enchanted sleep, might none
 But rugged hinds alone
 That glory see,—
 Hear that high minstrelsy?
 Then, Lord, Thou seekest not the wise and
 great
 Of earth to attend upon Thy sovereign state.

Didst Thou, Almighty King,
 Thyself so lowly bring,
 So meekly bow
 The eternal crown of empire on Thy brow,
 As that a babe Thou wouldst a manger grace?
 Was that hard-favoured place
 Thy chosen shrine
 To hide the light divine?
 Still lower come, good Lord! take up Thy rest
 Within this sin-distraught, unworthy breast.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

SEED of Abraham ! Son of David !
 Babe of Virgin-mother born
 On this bright and holy morn,
 To redeem a world enslavéd
 By a death of woe and scorn !
 Thee the shining angels sing,
 Unto simple shepherds telling
 How to seek in lowly dwelling
 Highest heaven's eternal King.

Sages in the land of morning
 Read the royal sign aright :—
 Gazing on that star so bright,
 Gird them at the heavenly warning —
 Follow to the Gentiles' Light.
 Agéd saints that wait alway,
 Fasting, praying, night and day,
 Shall of Thee the tidings tell,
 Glory of Thine Israël !

Mary's spirit now rejoices
 GOD her Saviour to behold,
 As the angel had foretold,

Christmas Hymn.

5

And the prophets' solemn voices
 Sounding through the days of old.
Christians now, as angels then,
 Sing aloud the blesséd story :
 Glory in the highest ! Glory !
Peace on earth ! goodwill to men !

1864.

THE OLD YEAR.

ART gone, Old Year, with all thy mirth
 Of warbling birds in hedgerows flowery,
 And lavish wealth of generous earth
 Ripen'd by sunny days and showery ?

How faded are thy wondrous skies,
 Bright with the lucid gold of morning,
 Or deepest blue of noon, or dyes
 Of rainbow lustre eve adorning !

How vanished all thy hopes and fears,
 Thy thwarted and thy crown'd endeavour,
 Thyself with all the former years
 Lost in the haunted past for ever !

Much gladness hast thou borne away,
 Much sorrow from the weary-hearted,
 And deeper meaning yesterday
 Hath to the passing hour imparted,

Leaving a voice upon the ear :
 'Take heed! The finished days thou knowest,
 But oh! what echo mayst thou hear
 From the untravers'd way thou goest?'

My spirit listens to a sound :—

I hear the words from highest heaven :

‘ Fear not, though dark and rough the ground,

For as thy day shall strength be given.’

December 31, 1854.

PALM SUNDAY.

O GREATER in Thy wonders
Of grace and saving love
Than when the trumpet's thunders
Brake awful from above !

Our ears have heard Thy story
Our hearts rejoice and sing,
Now in the highest glory !
Hosanna to our King !

Ride on because of meekness,
Of righteousness, and truth,
Strong in Thy mortal weakness
Above all might of youth.

To crown Thy self-devotion
The piercing thorns they twine,
And offer for thy potion
A drink of deadly wine :

But O Thou Son of David,
When in Thy Salem bright
The nations of the savéd
Shall walk in golden light,

Palm Sunday.

9

Grant us in loving pity,
For all Thy sorrows' sake,
Free of that holy city
Thy triumph to partake.

2 KINGS vi. 15—17 ; S. MATT. xxvi. 53.

THE servant of the man of God,
 When Dothan's walls were close beset,
 With fainting heart his master met
 And shewed what he had seen abroad.

Then spake Elisha :—' Fear not thou,
 For they that be with us are more ;
 But look as thou didst look before,
 And closely mark the mountain's brow.'

So looked he as the prophet willed ;
 And, wheeling on the barren sward,
 Behold ! the chariots of the Lord
 And steeds of fire the mountain filled.

Elisha knew the glory well,
 Not mindless how that chariot came
 And bore to heaven in whirling flame
 The mighty seer of Israël.

Thus God His servants compasseth
 With angel hosts unseen but near ;
 Who do His will have nought to fear,
 For all is theirs, both life and death.

But when upon that fateful night
The torches' glare the three awoke,
And clashing arms the silence broke,
And Simon's sword was bared for fight :

In majesty of meekness He
Rebuked the rash disciple's zeal,
And, ready even then to heal,
Stretched forth His hand for charity.

By men forsaken and betrayed,
No angel stood beside Him there,
Though had His soul but breathed a prayer
All heaven had come to give Him aid.

The Master stood unhelped, alone,
The lowly servant girt with flame.
For ever blessed be Thy name !
Thy wondrous ways are all Thine own

For us, O holy Saviour ! Thou
Like as a bleeding lamb wert slain ;
But we shall see Thee come again,
When every knee to Thee shall bow.

EASTER-EVE.

HE resteth. It is Sabbath now ;
 His Father's perfect work is o'er :
 The riven heart can throb no more,
 And painless lies the piercéd brow.

Beneath the linen's reverent fold
 Dead silence seals His lips of grace :
 Marr'd beyond all, that holy face
 The Father's eyes alone behold.

Without, the world of deadly strife,—
 The Roman watch,—the sealéd stone :
 Within He lies who is alone
 The Resurrection and the Life !

O GOD, the rest remains with Thee :
 Thine Holy One is guarded well !
 Thou wilt not leave His soul in hell,
 Nor shall His flesh corruption see.

Now teach us in Thy loving fear
 How loss is gain, and gain is loss ;
 Our sins be fastened to His Cross !
 Our evil self lie buried here !

THE EASTER SEPULCHRE.

○ SACRED sight ! Behold the place,—
 The sepulchre where Jesus lay!
 At either end an angel sits
 In silent rapture as befits
 The guardians of this wondrous day :
 And in the midst that empty space.

Before one early streak of dawn
 Hath lit the garden's hallowed shade,
 Lo, faithful women come to mourn
 With costly spices duly borne
 And eager hearts, yet sore afraid,
 Whom holy love had thither drawn.

But what is this ? From out the gloom
 Bright angels tell their glorious news ;—
 They show the swathings of the Dead,
 The napkin that was round His head :
 But over-blesséd hearts refuse
 The tidings of the empty tomb.

Still week by week its Easter brings —
The holy day the Lord hath made ;
Yet, slow of heart, of spirit weak,
We, trembling in the darkness, seek
The Living One among the dead,
Though Death itself of glory sings.

But when the age has run its race
Behold, new-born from out the dust,
Ten thousand saints shall throng the air
And earth be left forsaken there,—
The sleeping-place of all the just
An Easter-grave,—an empty space :

For now hath broke the eternal day ;
O wondrous morn of second birth !
The blesséd dead in Christ arise
To meet Him living in the skies
And they shall see new heavens, new earth,
No more the earth where Jesus lay.

MONDAY IN EASTER-WEEK.

AS on Thy way to Emmaüs,
 Draw nigh, O Lord! and walk with us,
 And be Thou by Thy blessing said
 Known in the breaking of the bread.

Interpret to us, gracious Lord,
 In all the writings of Thy Word
 The wondrous things concerning Thee,
 That in Thy light we light may see.

Yea! be Thy very Self indeed
 The Bread whereon our spirits feed,
 The portion of our heavenly lot:
 Open our eyes, but vanish not!

Thus following in all our way
 Thy journey on the first Lord's day,
 Our hearts within shall burn, and we
 At eventide sit down with Thee.

TUESDAY IN EASTER-WEEK.

‘ Thus it is written.’— *S. Luke* xxiv. 46.

‘ **I**T is written ’—word of might !
 Jesu’s weapon keen and bright,
 When He foiled the prince of hell,
 As the holy records tell.

So to Cleopas and him—
 Comrade of that journey dim—
 Spake the Stranger on their way
 At the closing hour of day :

‘ Fools, and slow of heart to hold
 All the prophets have foretold !
 Ought not Christ to suffer so,
 And unto His Glory go ? ’

Thus again that sacred night,
 As they stood in doubtful light
 With the overjoyed eleven,
 Telling o’er the news of heaven,

Came the Master bidding peace,
 And, that all their doubt should cease,
 Spake of words that He had said
 Ere He lay among the dead.

‘ All things written in the Law,
All the ancient Prophets saw,
All that unto Me belong,
Sayings dark of holy song,
All must needs have been fulfilled.’
So He spake, and speaking willed
That their mind should opened be
To receive that mystery.

Open Thou our mind, O Lord !
So to understand Thy word,
‘ Thus is written,’ let us say
‘ Thus behoveth,’ day by day.
‘ Thus behoves to suffer all
Trials that may us befall,
Thus to live, and thus to die,
Thus to rise with Christ on high.’

ASCENSION.

ONCE more past Gethsemane
Jesus leads the loved eleven.
Toward familiar Bethany
As of old His face is set,
Speaking many a word of heaven
Up the steep of Olivet.

Then before their wondering eyes
Lo! He riseth upward soaring
In the blue and lucid skies,
Till a cloud of dazzling light,
White with angel-host adoring,
Hides Him from their aching sight.

Lord, ascended up on high,
Who in heaven our manhood bearest,
Thither bid our spirit fly
While we pace the desert sand,
Thee to meet where Thou preparest
Mansions in Thy fatherland.

WHITSUNDAY.

O HOLY GHOST, in all Thy might
 Come down from heaven as rushing wind:
 In Jesu's name
 Let fall Thy flame
 That we our Father's love may find,
 Rejoicing in Thy holy light
 With gladsome heart and perfect mind.

Now hallow Thou the broken bread ;
 The cup of blessing blesséd make ;
 In living faith,
 As Jesus saith,
 May we the heavenly feast partake,—
 His Blood for us so freely shed,—
 His Body broken for our sake.

Thou Who o'er Jordan stream didst light
 In likeness of a spotless dove,
 Now give new birth
 To sons of earth,
 And fill with faith and hope and love !
 O guide our faltering footsteps right
 Unto the Father's home above !

Lord and Lifegiver ! Holy Ghost !
In Jesu's love reveal Thine own !
With inward power
This sacred hour
So shine in every living stone
That now to the angelic host
The wisdom of our God be known.

SONNET.

To a Friend on his Ordination.

THRICE blesséd be thou in the Christian
fight!

Ring clear and full the silver trumpet's
sound!

Arméd and faithful evermore be found
Clad in the heavenly panoply of light :
Girt well with truth — thy corslet righteous-
ness,—

Swift be thy feet where'er the Captain list,
With readiness of glad evangelist.

Faith be thy shield of proof in battle-press :
Good hope of sure salvation guard thy head :

The Spirit's sword within thy firm right
hand,—

Celestial temper, keen and burnishéd,—

Hold fast, and with that never-failing brand,
Fight to the end among the faithful band,
By Jesus on to holy victory led.

SUNDAY MORNING.

BRIGHT morn that bringest welcome rest,
 Rolling the mist of earth away ;
 To wearied eyes how sweet, how blest,
 Thy dawning light, O happy day !

But more the inward heart delights
 To rise from out the nest below,
 Soar upward in rejoicing flights
 And catch the Sun's ascending glow.

Twice hallow'd by the Word of GOD
 We hail one sacred day in seven,
 Once blest when man in Eden trod,—
 Once by the rising Lord from heaven.

A brighter sun than Adam first
 Saw light the dews of Paradise,
 Rose in that hour when Jesus burst
 The snare of Satan's dark device :

And we, for whom His blood was shed,
 For whom He lay within the grave,
 For whom He rose from out the dead,
 Shall we not sing His power to save ?

Shall we not keep His holy day,
 And hear the message of His love,
And meet within His house to pray,
 And hope to praise His name above,
Where shines beyond this passing scene
 The city of Emmanuel,
Within whose gates in light serene
 Day without night the righteous dwell ?
For them no written law records
 A fleeting rest from toil and care,
For every season is the Lord's,
 And GOD Himself the temple there.

A HYMN IN SORROW.

IN all time of adversity,
 When my spirit sinks within me,
 When all earthly hope is spent,
 And even Thy promise scarce can win me
 To trust Thee for the unseen event,
 Good Lord, deliver me.

From fretfulness and all unquiet,
 From doubt of Thy long-suffering love ;
 From all the dark perplexing riot
 Of thoughts untaught to dwell above ;
 From weak distrust and all misgiving
 From hopelessness and unbelief,
 From all in dying or in living
 That gives Thy Holy Spirit grief,
 Good Lord, deliver me.

When ' all that is not heaven ' shall fail me,
 When wonted things shall all grow dim,
 When human love shall nought avail me,
 Nor aught abide but love of Him ;
 Then, for His sake who vanquished death
 And robbed the grave of dreariness,
 Receive, O Lord, my dying breath,
 Give heaven's own joy for weariness

And when this earthly life is ended,
When 'perfect love' shall swell the hymn
That riseth from sweet voices blended
Of saints redeemed and seraphim ;
Grant, O Thou God who hearest prayer,
That those I love may all be there.

A HYMN.

WHEN across the inward thought
Comes the emptiness of life,
And it seems that earth has nought
But a vain and weary strife :

All to do, and nothing done,
Useless days fast fleeting by,
Wanderings many, progress none,
Faltering steps by fountains dry,

Shall we, in that hapless mood,
Fainting fall beside the way ?
Help us, Giver of all good !
Teach Thy wretched ones to pray !

Thou that with the Father art
One in power, in glory one,
Yet within the trusting heart
Bearest witness with the Son :

Oh forgive our faithless mind,
Raise us from our low estate,
Breathe in us the will to find
Higher life in small and great !

Give us watchful eyes and clear,
Purgéd from the scales of sense,
Seeing still the Master near,
And the city far from hence.

Higher lead our love and faith,
Lower our humility ;
Let the words that Jesus saith
Be illumined all by Thee !

And in them let us discern,
Calming all our sinful strife,
While our hearts within us burn,
Him the Word, the Truth, the Life !

ISAIAH xxxviii.

WHEN my days were well-nigh spent and
done

I said, ' I hasten to the darksome gate,
The years of promise are cut off from me,
Jehovah's mighty works I shall not see
Among the living!—Man in mortal state
Mine eyes no more shall mark beneath the sun.

' My life is stricken like the shepherd's tent,
And shall be movéd speedily away ;
Yea, as a weaver's shears his web divide,
I am cut off from all my manhood's pride ;
And pining sickness hath made short my day,
Hastening the darkness ere my noon be spent.'

In grievous weariness I made my moan
From night till dawn with sorrow waxing
faint,
' Like as a lion He will crush and tear,—
From morn till eventide He will not
spare :'

Thus like the swallow I renewed my plaint,
And as a dove that mourneth all alone.

‘ Mine eyes are weary, gazing upward still,
I am opprest, Lord, undertake for me !
What shall I say ? For He it is hath
spoken,
And all my woes His righteous will be-
token ;
I will go softly in humility,
And its own bitterness my soul shall fill.’

In deep repentance cometh peace at last ;
Yea Thou, O Lord, my mortal hurt wilt heal !
Instead of peace mine anguish was most
deep,
Yet Thou in love my vexéd soul wilt
keep,
Thy mercy Thou hast given me to feel,
And all my sins behind Thy back hast cast.

For lo ! the grave cannot Thy greatness tell,
And silent death is reckless of Thy praise :
Hope comes not to the darkened dwellers
there,
The living ! He Thy mercy shall declare,
The living who like me hath seen Thy ways,
He from his heart shall sing Thy praise right
well.

The father to his children shall make known
Thy faithfulness so never wearying :—
‘ The Lord was ready in my misery,
He, He it is whose hand hath holpen me ! ’
Therefore with sound of many a joyous
string
My song shall rise before Jehovah’s throne

'THE FATHERLESS CHILDREN.'

O WELLSPRING of all fatherhood,
 Supremely wise and kind and good !
 We pray Thee all to save and bless
 Who in this world are fatherless.

The cares of death to Thee are known—
 The silent gaze, the wistful groan,
 Each blessing on the lives to be
 That dying fathers seek from Thee.

Do Thou, Whose own beloved One
 Lived in this life a widow's son,
 Give to Thy Church a right hand strong
 To shield Thy fatherless from wrong

A yearning love to nurse for Thee
 The helpless of Thy family.
 E'en so by man beneath the sun,
 Father in heaven ! Thy will be done !

ST. MARK iv. 28.

‘ First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn
in the ear.’

THOU that with curious eye dost mark,
While pacing o’er thy dreary field,
The first fresh springing blade revealed
Scarce seen among the furrows dark,

Wilt thou repine if in the morn
Thou shalt not suddenly behold
In summer seas of living gold
The ripened glory of the corn ?

Nay, but thou rather art content
If, rising slowly day by day
Beneath the shower and warmer ray,
The crop reward thy labour spent.

Yet we to whom the task is given
To watch the soul’s unfolding powers,
In happy and in weary hours,
Perchance have oft in sorrow striven

To check the impatient wish that fain
 Would see God's work before the time,
 Unmindful of the changing clime,
The early and the latter rain ;

And heedless, too, how all unseen
 By human eye the root begins
 To feel its hidden way, and wins
The sources of its life serene.

Yet we may watch with duteous care,
 May wholesome nourishment supply,
 And tend with ever watchful eye
The early shoot appearing there :

For He who thus the blessing sends
 Hath granted to the humble mind
 Its happy work with Him to find
In hallowed union for like ends.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

I T is Thy love that lights the sky
And beams so softly through,
Veiling the glorious sun on high
With depth of tender blue.

It is Thy love that from the earth
Draws up the life of Spring,
And gives its beauty and its mirth
To every living thing.

O Son of God, Thy love to trace,
Thy wondrous work to scan,
Is blessed : but still greater grace
Thou shewest, Son of Man !

Thy love it is that in the spring
Of mercy overflows,
That makes the wilderness to sing
And blossom as the rose ;

That when the sons of God are born
Sparkles as heavenly dew
Upon the Spirit's holy morn,
Creating all things new.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

“ I believe . . . in the resurrection of the body.”
 . . . σπείρεται σῶμα ψυχικόν, ἐγείρεται σῶμα πνευματικόν.—
 I Cor. xv. 44.

‘ EARTH to earth,’ we lay thee low,
 Quenchéd torch! to moulder there :—
 Thee, whose light with living glow
 Shone so bright and fair.

Life of earthly sort is past,
 Fleshly body spent and left,
 Into darksome silence cast
 All of sense bereft.

Life is gone ! and gone for ever
 That estate of sin and care,
 Thwarting every good endeavour
 Which the soul may dare.

Not by flesh shall heaven be won,
 Aching temples sorrow-stricken,
 Throbbing heart with grief undone
 The spirit will not quicken.

Yet the Lord doth guard His own ;
 In the long eternity
Thou shalt not be left alone,
 He hath need of thee.

Yea, thy time shall come at last,
 Quenchéd torch, and thou shalt burn
When the angelic trumpet-blast
 Hails the Lord's return.

Spiritual body blest,
 Rising from the lonely sod,
In the freedom thou shalt rest
 Of the sons of God.

Changed into His likeness bright,
 Deathly life left far behind,
Thou shalt in immortal light
 Thy Redeemer find.

THE BLESSED HOPE.

O FIRST-FRUIT of the holy dead,
 Incarnate God enthroned on high !
 Thou, once the bleeding Victim led
 To death—now risen—no more to die !

Our dearest in the grave we lay,
 Asleep in Jesus—sacred dust,
 Safe to the great redemption day,
 Thine own to Thee, O Lord, we trust.

Thine ear shall hear, where'er they be,
 A deep still voice from out the sod ;
 Yea, heart and flesh do cry to Thee,
 E'en from the grave, O Living God !

And not in vain. Thy work of might
 Shall build again the Spirit's shrine,
 Like Thine own form of purest light
 Among the sons of God to shine :—

In incorruption, glory, power,
Forth at the trumpet-sound to spring,
New-born in that celestial hour,
And in His beauty see the King.

Lord, keep us till the morning break,—
Till in that last high Easter-tide
Thy many sons to glory wake,
In Thy full likeness satisfied.

Now glory to the Father be,
Who brought our Shepherd from the dead;
And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee;
And glory to our Risen Head!

*A REMEMBRANCE OF GRANT-
CHESTER CHURCH.*

TO P. L., ST. JOHN'S COLL., CAMBRIDGE.

THOU know'st the stile full well. Thou
 know'st the church,
 The chancel where the loving ivy clings
 And mantles in its richest depth of green ;
 That modest tower, that lowly tomb so still
 Beneath the roses' fragrance, where 'tis writ
 'Blest are the pure in heart.' And hast thou
 not
 In early summer, when the air is hushed,
 And the full glory of the setting sun
 Rests in the ivy's thousand glittering drops
 Where the fresh shower hath fallen, hast thou
 not stood
 Spell-bound, and heard the still air breathing
 round thee
 With music, and with children's happy voices
 That chant their hymns within? Long hast
 thou stood,
 Then turned and wandered through the church-
 yard gate

With silent step, and lingered in the porch,
And where upon the lowly tomb 'tis writ
'Blest are the pure in heart,'—hast musing
 gazed,
And prayed, and listened in deep reverence,
The while that infant choir within were
 chanting
Their simple and their solemn melodies.
Then, by that time the golden orb of heaven
Has darkened in the west, and the bright moon
Silvers the eastern window's tracery,
Homeward hast turned thy steps along the
 lane,
Still turning and still gazing. Silent stands
The church, and o'er the chancel cross there
 hangs
A bright star glittering. Hushed is all within,
Yet in the evening air is music still ;
Yea, brighter now and far more beautiful
Are those clear thrilling notes that, heard afar,
Seem more than mortal joy. Thou scarce
 may'st breathe
Entranced of that most sweet even-song.
Well may a good and humble heart have said,
'Lord ! if thou hast given such melody on
 earth,
What music is in heaven ?'

TO THE WOOD-PIGEON.

WHY mournest thou, poor dove, in the
 covert thick
 As one heart-sick,
 And missing somewhat of thy fond belief?
 What thou dost lack,
 Past bringing back,
 Hath turned in memory to a quiet grief.

 Thy voice so lights upon the listening ear
 With pensive cheer,
 So faltering, self-consoling, silence-broken,
 I fain would know
 The former woe
 That those half-uttered longing notes betoken.

 That may not be, and 'tis a foolish thought,
 Thus feigning aught
 That in thy shy sequestered heart may dwell!
 Yet may I guess
 Thy notes express
 The sad and wistful mood of nature well.

TO A BUTTERFLY

Which had just escaped from its chrysalis-skin.—

THOU'RT free at last, and standing by thy
 cell,
 The dark home of thy seeming deathliness,
 Wherein thou hast abode the dreary while,
 Unheeding whether winter beat on thee
 Or clear spring smiled serene ; through warm
 and cold,
 By the hard buffet of the wild sea storm,
 Swung in thy slender web, or slowly working
 In hidden sort beneath the vital ray
 The subtle network that in summer air
 Shall bear thee up rejoicing, and the eyes
 That shall behold the glory of the year.
 O immemorial emblem of the blest
 And joyful resurrection unto life,
 Soon thou wilt stretch those filmy wings and
 float
 Through all the untried splendours, and wilt
 draw

From every flower delight ; and will not He
Who thus hath wrought be mindful too of us,
That in our dark web of mortality,
With dim presages of the better life,
Work our appointed time shut in from light,
And wait the promised hour ?

*WRITTEN AFTER SUNSET AT
BONN.*

BEYOND that darkened hill
The sun is sunken low,
Yet in the evening still,
Like a vast rainbow,
His light doth glow.

Downward like ruddy fire,
Upward so tender green,
Melting ever higher
With a gentle sheen
Of lovely tints between

Into deeper blue :
And thou seest afar
Feebly glitter through
Where the poplars are
Some silver star.

In the east full soon,
Over yon great river,
The broad shining moon
Will gleam and quiver,
On the small waves dancing ever.

And all is silent round
Till the knell,
With wide-circling sound
From the minster-bell,
The hour doth tell.

Sept. 1851.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN! thou art most rich in pensive joy
To them that read thee rightly. Thou
 hast hope
In deep serenity of sadness hidden;—
Life in thy gentle death. The seed hath
 fallen
To its dark resting-place in the mouldering
 sod,—
Its own small spark of life within it glowing,
We know not how; that unseen quickening
 power,
Lodged there by Him whose least regarded
 work
Is past our understanding. Canst thou tell,
Thou that hast sought with weary and subtle
 toil,
By what still-working silent spell it draws
Unto itself all needful elements,
And weaves them into fabrics passing art,
Yet 'toils not, neither spins?' How meekly
 there,

With what glad quietness in the dreary time
Do these abide their rising from the earth !
Therein is wisdom that thou well may'st learn ;
Bow down, O man ! for God is in this place ;
' This is none other than the gate of heaven ! '

WRITTEN IN A BOAT

On a small creek of the Isis, near Abingdon.

I LOVE to see the golden sun sink down
From this still creek, where the soft evening
breeze

Whispers among the reeds and purple flowers,
While the small birds fly twittering to their
nests ;

And, through the liquid clearness downward
gazing,

To watch the many-tinted plants that grow
In the cool water, where the playful fish
Poise on their quivering fins, or swiftly dart,
Cheating the sight like creatures in a dream.

How the rich beauty of the evening sky
Floats on the rippling pool ! and the red sun,
Hastening behind the darkened trees to rest,
Flames downward in a stream of flickering
glory ;

While in the pearly east the pale moon rises
To rule the beauty of the starry night.

1847.

A REMEMBRANCE OF WELLINGTON.

WITHIN that palace of the works of peace
 Where splendours upon splendours, bright
 and far,

Stretched out in vistas of the summer light
 Beyond Arabian fancy to devise,
 I saw that agéd Leader, him that erst,
 When one had risen to grasp at boundless sway,
 Guided the arms that did set free the world.
 Among the golden pomps of Indian kings,
 Drawn from the regions where his youth was
 trained,

He stood most venerable in honoured age
 Scanning with thoughtful eye the dazzling
 scene.

What were his thoughts I know not:—this I
 know,

He stood a living monument, more grand
 And more suggestive to the musing mind
 Than all the breathing marbles art had wrought:
 The latest words of some great tragedy
 Fall so upon the ear. The noble deeds

Wrought fearfully within our fathers' youth
Had drawn to this result of peace, high peace,
And garnered glories of an age of arts :
And some might dream the doors of malachite
Were doors of heaven ; and all men were at
rest.

Such rest, so great a lull before the storm
Arose that rends the heavens above our heads,
Had then the world :—and Wellington was not !
But the tears wept above his awful bier
Were drops before a thunderstorm of woe ;
Scarce had he gone his way when fearful signs
Rose in the firmament, too plainly seen,
And through the age War's dreadful trumpet
blew.

Nov. 21, 1854.

THE VOICE OF THE CITY.

FULL many a sound hath power to move
the heart,

Whether ye hear the viol or mirthful pipe,

Or dulcet warbling flute, or pensive harp :

And if the trumpet pour his royal note,

Kindling a glory through the liquid air,

Who but is stirred in every limb, and roused

Like to a hero arming for the fight ?

Not less the wondrous might the organ hath,

Swelling the waves of sacred harmony

Within some ancient minster, far retired

From jarring of the harsh discordant world,

Mingling the blended charm of hundred pipes

Or some sole stop's articulate melody

With ravishing beauty of the human voice.

But who would listen with an ear intent

To a more solemn sound than music hath,

Let him at highest noon in solitude

Stand with closed eyes beneath the concave
huge

Of that gigantic temple named from him

Who to the Gentiles bore the Word of Life.

What marvellous thrill is that within his ear,
Ceaseless, monotonous, void of time or tune ;
Filling, o'erflowing, this enormous dome ;
A sea which day by day with rushing tide
Rises and beats against the shores of heaven :
And so hath risen, month succeeding month,
Year after year, and human age on age,—
Voices and lives and countless souls of men
Here blended, jostling, dying : still the same
This living sea doth swell, and sink, and swell,
And roll its billowy voice unto the sky,
And still shall heave its never-ceasing tide
When thou art gone,—when each is gone,—and
all

Thou hearest now are in the silence lost
Of Death, who alway mows the living down
With noiseless scythe, yet leaves the more
behind

Whose voice shall swell the tumult till the end.

Methinks that here the wakeful son of wealth
Who early rises, late departs to rest,
Bending the energy of all his powers
To one sole point—the increase of great self—
Might here abide a lonely hour, and find
News of some greater world than the swift
wires

Compass in all their course. But not to him
Who is intent with introverted soul
On his own earthly aims doth any voice
Find entrance deeper than the pampered ear :—
No, not if one should rise from out the dead !

Jan. 24, 1855.

ON READING MEMOIRS

*Of Arthur Henry Hallam and Henry Fitzmaurice
Hallam.*

WHEN the accomplished life of crownéd
hope
Hath drawn to its full close, and golden wealth
Of cultured greatness hath been duly reaped
And garnered for all ages on this earth,
Well may the honoured spirit sink to rest,
And chants of triumph mingle with the dirge.

Or if the innocent babe's few morning hours
End in that great beginning, freely then
And fondly may we give our sorrow words ;
'Of such the kingdom is of heaven' we say ;
'Small need for alphabets of this world's lore
Where angels are the teachers !'

But what thoughts,
What words to interpret them, what settled
mood
Of constant feeling can the spirit own
Of him who sees the princely soul of youth

All lovely with the glow of highest powers
In noblest exercise ;—all brave to act,—
Enwreathéd with the crown of worthy praise,—
The path before him bright with prayers and
 blessings
Of those undoubting ones who love him well—
Pass swift from out the living ways of men ?
Oh how to view the place where he had stood,
The empty craving place where he had stood,
The deeds unwrought he should have done ; to
 know
The still air longing for the vanish'd voice,
The many hearts intent for what is not
Nor e'er can be !

 Ah ! this should carry forth
The 'longing lingering' thought a higher way,—
Should lead it shrinking and tear-blinded up,
To where upon an eminence of faith
Above the misty ways of this dim world
It may look forth and know the greater truth,
And see the shining city far from hence
Where higher, holier lives are led than here,
And mightier works are done ; and mark the
 Way
Even dearer to the failing human heart
For footsteps that have past.

But in the home
Whence such have gone, what comfort now
should dwell ?
Oh ! is it nothing to have *known* the end ?
And in the pictured halls of memory,
Where ever later forms make dim the old,
To see them brightened in perpetual youth,
The noblest, loveliest semblances of all ?

1854.

ON SEEING SOUTHEY'S EFFIGY,

In Crosthwaite Church, Cumberland.

SOUTHEY, thou wert both kind and true of
heart,
And in thy life domestic duty found
Its due fulfilment ; friendship's generous glow
Shed on thy learned task its welcome light,
And not in vain were history by thee
And lives of ancient men long pondered o'er,
For seeds of noble thought found genial soil,
And olden virtues lived again in times
When daring folly and effeminate vice
Were offering strange fire at Poesy's shrine,
And had profaned the holy temple of God.
Thy praise be not that various learning filled
The storied chambers of thy memory,
Nor that the craft was thine to frame the lay
Impassioned, or the epic's stately pile
To rear with Moorish splendour richly decked :
But that at Duty's voice thy head would bow,
Not mindless how the faithful in the least
Is faithful too in much ; and therefore here
Thou liest in memorial marble, long
To be remembered by the true of heart.

*WRITTEN AT BEMERTON, IN THE
RECTORY-GARDEN.*

HERE holy Herbert worshipped ; yon low
 roof
 Enshrined his glowing praise, his reverent
 prayer :
 A fane so humble to his eyes became
 The fair-proportioned temple of his God,
 The beauty of holiness, the ' fearful place : '
 And this sweet gliding stream whose limpid
 flow
 Sways the green tresses of the water-weed
 With ceaseless gentle rhythm, attuned his soul
 To the calm moods of holy poesy :
 While over the green levels rose the high
 Heaven-seeking spire of his loved mother-
 church.
 Here were his rounds of mercy, and his haunts
 Of fervid friendship, and his walk with God.
 Such be thy priests, the shepherds of thy flock,
 England ! O spare these homes of pastoral
 love !

September 2, 1869.

ISIS.

I LOVE the quiet river-meads
Their memory is dear to me,
For there were sown full many seeds
Of what my life is still to be.

I love the broad and grassy vale
Where gentle Isis wanders slow,—
The horizon fringed with 'poplars pale,'
And where the willowy streamlets go:—

The antique bridge, the lofty spire
Which tapers dark in golden air
What time the slow-descending fire
Of summer eve is reddening there.

I love the foamy lasher-side
With dripping river-weed o'ergrown,
Where I would oftentimes abide
As silent as the mossy stone,

And watch the water, green and clear,
To where it broke, and foamed and flash'd,
And lost itself in wild career,
Then to the pool with shouting dash'd.

But most I love dear Isis' stream,
Where often in a lonesome boat
I would not break the sunset gleam,
But in the liquid lustre float,

And muse with inward sweet content
On all the beauty round me there,
In earth and sky together blent,
A harmony most deep and fair ;

Or with a rapid stroke and strong
Cleave through the water fresh and free ;
Or, standing, slide the boat along,
Like savage of the tropic sea.

Dipping an oar on either side
In narrow creek, or reedy pool,
Among the lily-leaves to glide,
And in sequestered shadows cool ;

Where floats the queen of river-flowers
In loveliness of perfect grace,
Making, through sultry summer hours,
' A sunshine in a shady place :'

And where the groves of mellowed light
Beneath the glassy water grow,—
A dim-discern'd enchanting sight
Of green retirements deep below.

O happy river, golden hours !
Of youth and health the choicest prime !
How throve the undistracted powers
In life's most joyous morning-time !

When, after many a year had passed
With storm and sunshine o'er my head,
Once more my way was thither cast,
And toward my native stream I sped,

Another heart, and yet the same,
I felt ; another life was mine :
But while I near and nearer came
The ancient light did clearer shine ;

And, musing as I paced along,
When rose the lark with joyous cheer,
I thought he had another song,—
The song my boyhood used to hear.

BRANSCOMBE, 1868.

THE lines in pleasant places
Are fallen unto me,
In green hillsides and lovely combes
Hard by the southern sea.

All bright with Lenten lilies
The crofts are blossoming,
And, sweet with breathing violets,
The banks of early spring.

From heath and breezy uplands
Three valleys into one
Outgoing to the ocean
With three bright streamlets run.

In one deep combe the village
Lies sidelong to the shore,
In groups of mossy cottages
Builded by men of yore :

Yet of the sea they dream not
Who find their shelter here,
So high the hills above our church
Their wooded rampart rear.

But where the brook's sweet water
Down to the ocean speeds,
The Vicar's homely dwelling lies,
With garden-plots and meads.

Be with us in the valleys,
Good Shepherd, in Thy love!
Be with us on the green hill-crests,
And we with Thee above!

*THE BELL-BUOY, OFF LANGLAND
BAY.*

HARK ! that fitful bell
 With startling knell,
 That seems to toll
 A passing soul,
 As from a rustic steeple
 Among the homely people.
 Some neighbour gone,—
 A life to think upon,
 Now ended !
 A widow undefended
 With babes to be befriended,
 Or some young head laid low—
 That the bell is tolling so.

'Tis fancy's trick,—no more !
 For see the craggy shore
 And whitening surf,
 And here the thymy turf
 Of the brave hill-side,
 In all its purple pride
 Of ling and heath
 With centaury beneath.

Now the sound increases,—
Now sinks and ceases :
Yet wakes once more
By the pleasant shore,
But so fitfully swung,
So irregularly rung,
As if some wanton boy
Had made the solemn bell his toy.

Surely he will stay !
But no ! it knells and knells and knells
 always,
As if with urgent call
To summon the neighbours all.

Now the sound is clear,
Louder and more near
As the breezes veer
And freshen from the sky :
The sweet sea-voices thicken,
Rustle and plash and sigh,
And the ringing bell doth quicken
As the wind sweeps by.
It is the strange sea-knell
From a lonely floating bell
Tost by the lifting wave
Above the sailor's grave,

Over the deadly reef
Where breakers whiten and roar
So that the sound of grief
Is calling evermore.
Yea ! the friendly warning
Calls in dark night and misty morning,
Warning the living and mourning the
 dead,—
The lives that are dear, and the souls
 that are sped.

Ring, kindly bell ! Thy clear note sound
Over the waters and crags around.
Like some watchful living thing
On the wild waves heave and swing.
Even the gladsome wedding bell
Scarce hath a voice to be loved so well !

July 23, 1873.

A HYMN FOR BRANSCOMBE.

LORD, bless our village with Thy love
 Unmeasured as the sky above,
 And, as the hills around us stand,
 Be Thou our guard on every hand.

When the green combes are blossoming
 Through primrose-scented days of spring,
 When violets white their fragrance breathe,
 Wood-sorrels hearts of emerald wreath,

Lent-lilies golden, bluebells sweet,
 Bloom thick as grass beneath our feet,
 Their forms, their hues, Thy goodness shew,
 And bid 'consider how they grow.'

Thy grace refresh us day by day
 Like the clear brook beside our way !
 And in our meadows green and blest,
 Good Shepherd, let Thy presence rest !

The wayside ass comes meekly home
 With kine that upland pastures roam.
 The ox his owner knows right well ;
 The ass rebukes God's Israël !

Our eyes behold the sea that fills
The melting blue beyond our hills.
There heaven and earth have surely met,
Since Jesus loved Gennesaret.

The seaward-gathering blast of night
Rushes across the billows white :
Those roaring waves Thy voice have heard,
And stormy winds fulfil Thy word.

Thy feet upon the surging sea
Have walked, and all was calm to Thee.
Lord, when the billows round us foam,
Stretch forth Thine hand ! With Thee is
home !

Advent, 1868.

CLOVELLY.

THE sweetest sheltered valley,
The warmest cloven lee,
The most delightsome hamlet
That nestles to the sea ;

Where in the midst of woodland,
And steeps and crags that frown
With cots embowered in blossom,
The street goes rippling down :

Down to the little harbour
Within its ancient quay,
That with a strong arm fendeth
The buffet of the sea.

From distant decks it seemeth,
O'er the blue water seen,
A cataract of whiteness
In the long reach of green.

A bowery region stretches
Far on the eastern side,
Dipping its wealth of branches
Down to the swelling tide,

And by his ferny footpath
The joyous traveller sees
Sunlight and chequered shadow
All twinkling in the breeze.

And, as through leafy windows,
The blue sea melts away,
Where headland after headland
Shuts in the ample bay,

Leaving a misty outlet
Of rivers from afar,
That strive with tides Atlantic
On the 'moaning harbour bar.'

A sheer uplifted headland
That beetles to the west
In crimson crown of heather
Exalts his beacon-crest :

With broad and gallant shoulder
Mantled in forest-green,
From inland and from ocean
His goodly height is seen.

God's peace to thee, Clovelly !
With health and wealth and rest,
Beneath his vine and fig-tree
Each son of thine be blest !

Thy homes be brave and blameless !

In strength and beauty rise

Thy lads and little maidens

Under their mothers' eyes,

To serve their generation

Like valiant men of old,

And make full bright with deeds of light

The tale that shall be told !

To stand by Queen and country

For better or for worse,

And earn for Land and Church and Crown

A blessing, not a curse !

Clovelly, August, 1885.

A SNOW-SONG.

SNOW ! Snow !

Above, below,

Over the town

From the high skirts of the freezing air

Brightly and silently crystallized there

Misty and rimy it frolics and dances

Whiffs of the cold blowing up, blowing down,

Sidelong and slantwise, all ways at a time,

So comes the rime,

Thickening each flake as it flutters and glances,

Daintily flitting, not hasty to fall,

Over the houses and gardens and all,

So, so,

Down lights the snow.

More ! more !

Behind ! before !

All hours of the day.

Look out and see and dazzle your eyes !

Tossing and crossing it never grows weary

But whiter and softer 'tis growing alway.

Wherever it lights is a pillow of down,
And a silver crown
Brightens the trees on their branches so dreary,
Gracefully resting in marvellous wise,
Decking those mourners in wedding-time guise,
Bright, bright,
Dazzling and white !

Feb. 10, 1855.

WINTER.

STERN Winter, what art thou,
Or how
Shall I set forth thy likeness rightfully,
That men may see
How fair hope bideth meanly clad in thee ?

Thou art like murky night,
Bedight
With darksome weed hiding the face of things :
But morrow brings
Fresh joy by her most bright discoverings.

Or as the ebbing sea
Whose free
And glittering waves leave bare the unlovely
shore :
Yet all the more
We greet again their living emerald floor.

So too in melody

To thee

Who hearest, when thy raptures most abound,

Silence profound

Doth but enhance the sweet success of sound.

Thus, Winter, thou dead seed of joys to be

We'll think of thee.

THE LUTE OF ISIS.

BY a pleasant river-side
I was straying,
Where in all their early pride
Blackthorn bushes scattered wide
Across the sunny meadows,
Scarcely casting shadows,
Stood in their white arraying.

Earth and sky with springtide cheer
Smiled in gladness.
Ancient Winter on his bier,
With many a chill and frozen tear
Round him duly falling,
Was gone and past recalling,
Buried with all his sadness.

Breezes light the waters dash
On the river-brink,
Evermore with gentle plash
Lifting many a broken flash
By a lucid heaven
To the wavelets given
As they rise and sink.

Hark ! a distant sound to greet
The listening ear,
As it were a harping sweet
For unseen elfin revel meet,
Or anthem heard most faintly
Sung by spirits saintly
In some higher sphere.

Such music heard I never,
Nor may ever
The like again my ears salute
As from that magic river-lute
Rose with pause and swell,
A softly winning spell
That did the senses sever :

For though all things around
Were bright and gay,—
The sky so glorious, and the ground
So full of freshness, yet the sound
Of that harping airy,
As from nymph or fairy,
Stole the sight away

Where the hidden cause might lie
Of that mystery
Long I sought, and far and wide,
By the pleasant river-side

Till a bended sedge
On the water's edge,
Strung with fibres, did I spy :

And with light vibration there,
Whensoever
Springtide zephyr's gamesome wings
Brush'd those finely-strained strings
As they flitted by,
Rose that melody
Of elfin music sweet and rare.

1854.

THE BIRD OF SPRING.

SWEET bird of Spring
Sit on thy bending spray,
This breezy day,
And sing.

Sing! merry heart
That, all the winter long,
Harbouring no song,
Apart

In desert bleak
Hast flitted hunger-bit
Forlorn of wit
To seek

Hard bushes where
Some shrivell'd berry stays,
Or in the ways
So bare

A morsel hast
Snatch'd up with sudden glee
Which charity
Had cast.

Sit on thy spray
Under the warm spring shower
This genial hour
Of day.

Sing, cheery voice !
Never a gladder bird
The Spring hath heard
Rejoice.

A fount of glee
O'erflows thy throbbing heart ;
Thou, of Nature part,
Dost see

A glory fill
The wakening spirit of earth,
A bright new birth
Of will.

I too with thee
This bond of joy can find,
Yet in my mind
Foresee

The Bird of Spring.

A spring of bliss
Whose lightest dawning ray
Outshines high day
Of this.

THE SPOTTED ORCHIS.

LOW on the ground each spotted leaf,
 Dropt as with gore,
 Told its own tale of sacred grief
 To men of yore :
 In memory of that awful hour
 Of agony,
 They named this plant of crimson flower
 Gethsemane.

Around each spiry stalk arise
 The blossoms fair ;
 And, gazing with creative eyes
 Of fancy there,
 Behold a small bird red and bright
 That upward springs
 Or stately helmet of a knight
 With crested wings.

So brightest Easter-joys spring up
 From Passion-throes :
 So from the Father's sacred cup
 Of hallow'd woes

Comes courage arm'd for adverse things
With constancy ;
Thy helm, Salvation! and thy wings
O Victory!

'He that endureth to the end shall be saved.'

S. Matt. x. 22.

'HE that endureth to the end :'

Think well of this, thou weary heart,
Thou that hast chosen the better part,
Yet faintest, mindless of thy Friend ;

Thy heavenly Friend in sorrow tried ;
Will He not help thee day by day,
Who, having trod the woful way
For thee, and in thy manhood died ?

Is there in human life a page
So dimmed with tears He sees it not,
And that thine own peculiar lot
Known to none else from age to age ?

Did He not read the volume through
Who drew the labouring mortal breath,
Who bowed His head in bitter death
And finished that He came to do ?

Oh rouse thee from this deadly sloth,
Rub from thy sword this coward rust ;
Learn thou that blesséd Friend to trust
Who is thy God and brother both.

WRITTEN IN A SUMMER-HOUSE.

FRIENDS with guileless hearts and kind
 Welcome, for ye here shall find
 Morning beams that brightly shine
 In a nook where flowers entwine,
 Shadows cool in sultry noon,
 And silent magic of the moon
 When the elves their revels keep,
 With softest sounds of breezes sighing,
 While the unseen spirits weep
 Gentle dews o'er evening dying ;—
 Stillness of the charmed night,—
 Shadowy hour of strange delight !
 When the solemn bell hath sounded,
 Tolling o'er the buried past,
 And Fancy, with wild dreams surrounded,
 Mighty spells doth dimly cast,—
 Showing to the enchanted gaze
 Vision'd scenes of happy days,
 And softly murmuring to the ear
 Sounds that once 'twas joy to hear.
 These delights if ye would meet
 Hither turn your silent feet.

ON THE GRAVE OF HENRY LATHAM,

Who found his death on the Burg at Grindelwald, September 4, 1881. (Translated from the German of Pfarrer Gottfried Strasser.)

SLEEP in peace, my foreign brother !
 Light on thee our earth shall lie !
 Far from thy home-land belovéd
 Death hath touched thee suddenly.
 Fresher life where thou wert seeking
 Thou thine early grave hast found !
 We, deep-grieved yet gladly hoping,
 See thee sink beneath the ground.

Sleep in peace ! Where'er we're living
 We abide in God's own hand ;
 So our death-place is His giving,—
 For the Lord's is every land.
 Over all His goodness shineth
 In the grave's recesses dim :
 Even hence His own He calleth
 Ever to be blest with Him.

September, 1881.

AT AVIGNON.

HARD by the frowning high-built fortress
stands

The old cathedral of Avignon.

Pace up the slope of steps, and you shall see
In front the Calvary and the Cross of shame,
And Him Who hangs in agony thereon,—

The holy women, and adoring angels.

But Who is that, aloft in the serene

And liquid blue, with royal gold adorn'd

And hands outstretch'd, and bended gracious
head,

Thus very high exalted above all,

Blessing for ever and for ever blesséd ?

'Tis He that was obedient unto death

' For our advantage on the bitter Cross.'

Now enter this low portal, and thine eyes,

Smitten with darkness, hunger for the blue,

The gold, the gladness, and the works of God.

Exploring now, and humbled to the gloom

We can discern the dome, the apse, the altar,—

High altar of the Great High Priest,—all dim

And quenched of votive glory. But beside

See many lights are burning, candles shine ;

And lo ! a flickering gem of liquid light
As of a sanguine drop suspended there.
There Mary's altar blazes, and her form
Rays forth its golden splendour, and the crowd
In lowly adoration worship there.
He stands without : His own receive Him not.
Alas ! We get us forth from out the gloom,
Forth of the earthlights and the taper-shine,
To see His handiwork of light and love,
And Him exalted, blesséd, blessing all !

Sept. 25, 1881.

COLLATON ST. MARY.

May 28, 1881.

IN MEMORIAM M.S.L.

BUT a few paces from the door of home—
 Along the terrace,—through the winding
 path
 Fragrant with summer-breath and green with
 boughs,
 Tenderly bear her, loving neighbours' hands!
 Crown'd with all stainless blossoms, wreath and
 cross,
 To where the garden wicket open stands.
 The garden of our Father's house is here;
 'Tis but a little way 'from home to home.'

O listen to the threefold word of peace:
 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'
 Again: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'
 'The Lord did give;—the Lord hath taken
 away.'

A few slow paces to the open door,
 And through the cluster'd village, old and
 young,

That fill this hallow'd place. Now rest awhile.
Hearken to voices of the Saints of old,—
The holy Psalm, and that great argument
Of Resurrection through the Lord of Life.
Sing our sweet hymn of light at eventide.
Then bear her forth in hush of stillest peace
That floweth like a river deep and full.
The Lord of peace is here. 'My peace I give ;
Not as the world gives give I unto you.'

Sleep, well-belovéd ! till the Morning Star,
His angels have in charge to guard thy rest
Till the day break and shadows flee away.

SONNET.

GREAT Sun, that rulest in thy plenary might
The vassal hours of this long summer day,
The noontide stillness doth confess thy sway
Who tamest all things with thy rod of light ;
Thyself art thronéd on imperial height,
Thy crown of splendour blazing forth always
With brightness, heat, and that alchemic ray
Working its secret wonders out of sight.
When I behold all divers kinds that be,
Thus blest, enjoy the glory of the year,
Rejoicing in the earth and air and sea,
So loyal every one to all, yet free,
Father of lights ! a parable is here
Of Thine own ' perfect law of liberty.'

SONNET.

Written at Clovelly.

I HEAR the lulling and the sighing sea,
 With a soft murmur of a summer wind
 That seems to rock the cradle of the mind
In rhythmic dreams of innocent infancy ;
And in a half-seen realm of mystery,
 Where sky and ocean in their blue combined
 Are blended as of one celestial kind,
Float on the wide still wings of phantasy,
Where many stately ships in shade or light,
Glancing like wingéd sea-fowl dark or white,
Glide past the light-house by the harbour-bar
 On to their river-haven out of sight ;
And where the shining fields and cliffs afar
 Melt all away into the infinite.

ON THE BAPTISM OF MY GODSON.

Advent Sunday, 1854.

DEAR babe, who on this day art given to
Christ,

We pray the prayer of faith for thee. May He
Who in His arms carries the tender lambs
So fold thee to His bosom ! Thou art His,
His death the price of thy most precious soul,
His words the bread on which thy life must
feed,

His name the pledge of all things blest to thee :
For life, for death, for ever, be thou His !
Thou little deem'st what now is done for thee,
Thou knowest not from whence thy breath is
drawn,

Or for this life or that which is to come :
Nor do we know the manner of thy life,
It is most dark to us, clear but to God :
Known to the Father of all spirits ;—known
To Him Who was a babe at Bethlehem :
Known to the ' Lord and Giver of life : ' may
He

Now give to thee that everlasting gift
Which none can take away, nor man, nor fiend,

Nor life, nor death, nor anything that is !
So be it, Lord, for Christ our Saviour's sake !
And we ! Oh are we not as infants too ?
More ignorant of the great spirit-world
Than he of ours ? Do we not stretch weak arms
Scarce knowing what we crave ? If He Who
gives
Should not above our wisdom deal to us
How were we all undone ! Oh give us, Lord,
The spirit that in little children dwells,
To love and trust and leave it all with Thee.

*TO THE SAME, ON THE DAY OF
HIS BAPTISM.*

MAY wayward childhood with its shine and
showers

Find thee in stature growing and in grace,
Swift to all lovely deeds, and fixed in truth
As firmly as the sword-blade in the hilt.
And so, when perilous boyhood casts thee forth
To struggle with the evil world of boys,
'Among the faithless faithful' be thou found,
Believing, though the flippant and the vile
Make scorn of all things holy : and though sin
Within thee fain would call with traitor voice
To sin without. So in those marvellous years
Wherein the mists roll up the mountain peaks,—
The horizon widens, scenes undreamt before
Look glad and fresh beneath the sun new risen,—
Then be that blessing thine of countless worth
For which thy Saviour to the Father prayed,
'Not that thou wouldest take them from the
world,
But keep them from the evil.' Not from cares,
From thwartings of the will, from blighted
hopes,

From counterworkings of thy noblest schemes,
From sickness, or from sorrow, or from pain ;—
Oh these are not 'the evil!' But from pride
And self-applause of thine own ignorance,—
That deafest of the adder-brood of sins,—
From horrible downfall of the sovereign soul
Into the mire of fleshly appetite,—
From uncontrólléd wandering of the mind,
The homelessness of modern intellect,
That wantonly will range and find no rest—
From all that is unlike the mind of Christ,
May He deliver thee! And may strong faith
Work in thee ever, and warm charity,
And that high hope which maketh not ashamed!

TO A GOOD FRIEND IN BAD TIMES.

“Treu und Fest.”

“Tempora pessima sunt ; vigilemus !”

IN sooth these hard and evil times
 Are scarcely fit for jingling rhymes ;
 But you and I can chime together
 Our bells in calm or stormy weather,
 For you and I have sworn us lieges
 To bear all battles, brunts, and sieges,
 For Church and Queen and Christian State,
 And fellow Britons small and great.
 God hinder that we ever quail
 In lightest breeze or heaviest gale !
 For we fear God and love the Queen,
 And meddle not with change, I ween.
 Why should we change—all for the worse—
 Our choicest blessings for a curse ?

Our fathers heard from those that bore them
 How 'twas in that 'old time before them,'
 When Englishmen had English hearts,
 And bore their godly, manly, parts,

To yield subjection not an hour
To any but the lawful power :
They taught their sons in hall and cot
To ' buy the truth and sell it not : '
They bought it at a goodly cost,—
Redeem'd it when it had been lost,
And guarded still with steadfast zeal
This Royal English Commonweal.

Our Queen is ours by gift divine,
Our heritage of Alfred's line :
A tender maiden of eighteen,
She sware herself old England's Queen,
And never on her roll of Kings
Has sovereign yet done braver things.
We saw her in the prime of youth,
Her Albert's bride in love and truth—
That golden day whose sunshine sheds
Unfaded light above our heads !
And she hath ruled this ancient land
Through many a year of God's right hand !
We share her good and evil things,
We gat us to the King of Kings
For her and hers in sore distress—
The widow and the fatherless.
And still she bears, as Christian may,
The heat and burden of the day,

Alone, yet not alone,—the glare
And weary pomp that none may share,—
The burden of our millionfold
Cares unimagined and untold.

Ours is no dumb and lifeless chance,
The lot of our inheritance !
Our trust is in the Living God
Who comforts us with staff and rod,
And spreads a table of delight
Even in our fiercest foemen's sight ;
For He made heaven and earth, and sways
The universe unto His praise.
No foe then must we fear, nor traitor,
We trust our faithful strong Creator,
That He will give us daily food,
And hold us safe in doing good ;
We trust our dear Redeemer's love
To guard His Church from heaven above

From every midnight plot ; from all
The anarchs bred in caucus-hall,
And from their mad misguided horde :—
From treason at the council-board :—
From blighted loyalty, and cold
Half-hearted deeds when spirits bold

To a good Friend in bad Times. 101

Should stand all ready 'fast and true,'
Alike to suffer and to do :—
From traitors high and cowards mean,
From each and all—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN !

January 26, 1881.

S. MARK xvi. 7.

‘ But go your way, tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee : there shall ye see Him, as He said unto you.’

LONG-SUFFERING Lord, and didst
Thou send

So glad a word for Peter too ?

For that forlorn disciple who

Denied his Master and his Friend ?

Where had he passed those weary days,

Sad days of grief and quenched hope ?

Did he in lonely sorrow grope

Along his own most darkened ways ?

How thought he on that latest look

When Jesus turned Him in the hall,

And at the shrill bird's wakeful call

He straight his sinful trance forsook,

And left the cheerful fire and went

Into the dark and lonesome cold,

Weeping for happy times of old

And for his love so quickly spent ;

But most for what the Lord had said,
That thrice His name should be denied
Ere the cock crew at morningtide:
For the pale stars were waxing dead,

And that which seemed so hard to think,
Had come to pass in very deed,
The valiant heart at utmost need
Had been the first from harm to shrink.

And now was Simon left alone
With the Accuser face to face,
To fall beneath his self-disgrace,
Who had not dared his Lord to own?

No! for He too, who did foresee
The sin, had given the assurance sweet,
'Though Satan sift thy soul like wheat,
Fear not, for I have prayed for thee.'

How much the heart of Simon knew
Of agony we cannot tell,
From what in those three days befel,
So bitter to the chosen few.

For they who loved their Master well
Spake in amazed perplexity,
‘ We trusted that it had been He
Who should redeem His Israel.’

So fared it with the sad eleven,
But women early at the tomb
Saw sitting in the inner gloom
A youthful angel fresh from heaven,

Who bade them not to be afraid,
For He they sought was risen indeed
As God aforetime had decreed :
And shewed the place where He was laid,

And then the joyful message gave,
That they and Peter too should see
And gladly greet in Galilee
Him who had triumphed o’er the grave.

March 27, 1853.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

I S. PETER ii. 19, &c.

THOU, Lord, for us didst undergo
 The buffeting, the scorn, the shame,—
 Didst sinners' contradiction know:—
 And shall we shrink to bear the same?

'All who in Christ will godly live
 Must suffer persecution.' Yea!
 The word of warning Thou didst give,
 And we must follow in Thy way.

For Thou wert sacrificed for us,
 O holy Lamb of God! and we
 Should offer soul and body thus
 A lively sacrifice to Thee.

As we are called, so give us grace
 With patient heart to suffer grief.
 That we Thy blessed steps may trace,
 Help Thou, O Lord, our unbelief!

For we as sheep have gone astray,
But now Thy voice of love controls
Our steps in Thy most holy way,
Shepherd and Bishop of our souls!

1865.

'NO MAN LIVETH TO HIMSELF.'

THE life that liveth to itself will die :
For lack of its own proper nourishment,
It fails of its predestined true intent
And takes no root, and withers by and by.

The life that lives by preying on its kind,
Through envy, emulation, greed of pelf,
Dies like the scorpion, 'felon of itself,'
And at its best is hungry, lean, and blind.

There is a human life that, failing never,
Is rooted by the eternal springs of love,
And spreads its fruitful branches far above,
And 'hid with Christ in God' will thrive for
ever.

*HYMN FOR THE VOLUNTEERS
OF ENGLAND.*

*(Written for Music composed at the time of the Spanish
Armada).*

I.

NOT for conquest's sinful splendours
 Bear we arms, O Lord, Thou know'st,
 But as loyal home-defenders,
 Brethren sworn to guard our coast.
 So to this our good endeavour
 Thy perpetual blessing yield :
 As of old, e'en so for ever
 Shine forth our sun and shield !

II.

Far from us be base ambition !
 Far from us be craven fear !—
 Faithful to our true commission,
 Honest heart and conscience clear.
 Purge, O Lord, our sinful leaven,
 Make us Christians sure and tried,
 Though on earth, yet sons of heaven
 Through Jesus crucified.

III.

Then should foreign foemen landing
E'er our English shores invade,
We their evil might withstanding,
Gracious God, be Thou our aid !
Let not force or guile confound us :
Do Thou as of yore Thou didst,
Be the wall of fire around us,
Our Glory in the midst.

1865.

SONNET.

THOU hast much goods laid up for many
years,
My soul! But not of thine own earning;
Nay!

What wert thou better than a castaway
But for the costly love that all endears.
Thy sheaves were sown in sorrow, and by tears
Watered, and all the seed was day by day
Given from the Master's hand, and every ray
Of ripening sunshine that the harvest rears
To golden grain is from the Father of light,
Whose goodness hired thee to this blest employ,
And sent thee to His field. 'Tis His delight
To give thee all things richly to enjoy,
And in the garner of His heavenly store
Thou hast much goods laid up for evermore.

SONNET.

‘ I F thou hadst known, at least in this thy day,
 The things of peace ! ’ O day of visitation,
 Of brightest hope that dawns on every nation,
 That hath its morning and its sunset ! Nay,
 England ! Must thine grow dark at noon ? O,
 say !

Art thou so set to spurn thine own salvation,—
 So mad to hail the son of desolation,—
 To choose Barabbas and thy Christ betray ?
 Where is thy sacred ensign not unfurled ?
 Its red cross flies upon the furthest breeze !
 Thy mother-tongue is heard of God alway
 In ebbless tide of worship round the world !
 Who gave thee all thy blesséd things of peace ?
 Wilt thou not know, at least in this thy day ?

March 7, 1886.

TWO ROYAL DAYS OF MAY.

May 1, 1851 : May 4, 1886.

MY thought takes wing across the years and
sees

The crystal fount, the gates of malachite,
And overhead those fairy lines of light,
Like spider's web, above the tall green trees
Unruffled by the balmy summer breeze ;

While glitters round an ever-moving sight,
Of multitudes all vocal with delight,
Like myriad laughing waves of sunny seas.

Now see our loyal Empire bring its stores
Of wealth and skill from East and South and
West.

To hallow all the Hallelujah soars !
Our fathers' God old England still adores.

God save the Queen ! Our holiest and our
best
We guard within these tempest-battered shores !

May 4, 1886.

SONNET.

WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER, April 5, 1886.

YEA! thou hast stood upright and brave and
strong

While truth hath fall'n around thee in the
street,

And righteousness hath suffer'd sore defeat ;
And in thy heart the barbéd shafts of wrong
Have driv'n the martyr's anguish deep and long,
And spent thy threaten'd life. For it was
meet!

Such dire salutes as these for ever greet
A soul like thine, that stems the heated throng.
Thy day was nobly liv'd beneath the sun,
From dawn to dusk full open to the sight ;
Thine amaranthine wreath is fairly won :
Rest, patriot Forster! for thy deeds are done.
Yet shalt thou rise, and, shining as the light,
Stand in thy lot when all the days are run.

April 6, 1886.

PRISCA FIDES.

O KING by Whom all kingdoms stand,
 In pitying love behold our land,
 And as in years of Thy right hand
 God save the Queen!

In darkest hour lift up Thy light!
 When foes are strong be Thou our Might!
 And every wrong turn Thou to right,
 And bless our Queen!

We guard for ages yet unborn
 The holy sign our sires have worn,—
 The ancient faith that we have sworn
 To God and Queen!

At home, abroad, a loyal mind
 Be ours! A fast allegiance bind
 Old England's folk to English kind
 And England's Queen!

So let our red-cross ensign fly
 Unstained by guilt or treachery
 In all the breezes of the sky
 For Christ and Queen.

THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION-DAY.

(Trinity Sunday, 1886.)

NOW sound the echoing horns of Jubilee,
 For seven times seven historic years are
 ended
 Since England's queen her ancient throne
 ascended.

It is the feast of Holy Trinity :—
 Send forth Thy truth, O Lord, to make us free!
 To-day our nation's praise and prayer be
 blended

Before our fathers' God, so oft offended !
 Lo! Queen and people raise their voice to
 Thee !

Through throngs of loyal hearts on sea and
 land

The mighty circle of worship fills its round,
 And choral Hallelujahs crown the day.
 Praise to the Eternal Father's love profound !
 Hosanna, Lord ! we bless Thy piercé hand !
 Lifegiving Spirit ! speed us on our way !

June 12 and Whit Sunday, 1886.

‘ *WILL A MAN ROB GOD ?* ’

○ ENGLAND! wilt thou turn thy Father's
house

Into a den of robbers? Wilt thou haste
Unto the spoil where thou hast pray'd, and
waste

The altars where thy fathers seal'd their vows?
These laws divine,—these customs of our
own,—

We took them from Thy kingdom :’ Alfred
said.

A thousand years, and often hard bested—
Yet see! Our Alfred's daughter holds the
throne.

But wilt thou crush the Church and save the
State?

Whate'er thou sowest thou shalt also reap!

O lost to reason! do we hope to keep,
While altars fall, our homes inviolate?

Go search all history since time began :

Who fears not God, neither regards he man.

SONNET,

In Memory of Archbishop Trench.

POET, divine, bishop, and patriot,
 On to life's ripen'd harvest thou hast borne
 Thy toilsome day, that had so bright a morn,
 A noon so generous, and so hard a lot
 Through lengthening shadows. Still thou
 faintedst not
 Beneath the burden and the heat, though
 worn
 With sorrow, and thy tender nature torn
 By the sore woes of palace and of cot.
 As the wild conflict thickens, and grim Fate
 Strikes her avenging blows on every side,
 While houses great and fair lie desolate,
 Such days of sin and shame who may abide ?
 Thou, be thy Master's coming early or late,
 Art sweetly sleeping till the morning-tide.

2nd Sunday after Easter, 1886.

SONNET.

‘Felix opportunitate mortis.’

TRUE man of England! Worthy son of
Devon!

For ever constant, cheery, brave and kind,
How valiant for the truth thy cultured mind!
Thy heart how pure of this world's evil leaven!
Oh rather had we spared full seven times seven
Shrewd sons of policy, waiters on the wind,
Trimmers of shifty sails, right cheap to find!
But such as thou are few beneath the heaven.
The cross of Christ thy light, His wreath thy
prize,
Swift, but oh! not untimely was thy death.
Life spent like thine in godly, manly wise
Needed no long farewells, no tears and sighs
Around thee. Few short gasps of parting
breath:
Then the free air with Christ in paradise.

January 16, 1887.

FRIEDRICHSKRON.

June 15, 1888.

NOT in this life, thou noble one and blest,
 The crown shall circle thine imperial head:
 A higher coronation of the dead
 Lights on thee, where around thy couch of rest
 The sorrowing kneel, the dearest, bravest, best,
 Fond lieges by thy great example led
 To fill the kingly purpose in thy stead,
 And work with loyal heart thy true behest.
 Here is Love's empire, this her golden band!
 Authority leaves not the dying king
 Whose throne is righteousness, whose just
 command
 By strong consent of valiant hearts shall stand
 Based on the will of God in everything.
 Lo! here thy Frederick's crown, great Father-
 land!

FRIEDENSKIRCHE.

Waterloo Day, 1888.

THEY pass beneath the portal arch
 With broken hearts and spirits failing,
And sobbing of the deep dead-march,
 And knell of guns, and trumpet wailing ;

Safe in the love of Christ that died,
 Blest in the Father's arms that made him,
Till the great roll-call to abide,
 Within the Church of Peace they laid him.

